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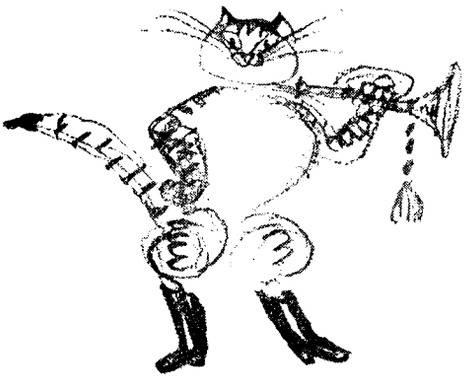

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

THE GREAT AWAKENING?

NELSON ROCKEFELLER continues to confound the experts. His latest venture into the deep waters of internationalism was to urge that the United States unilaterally resume nuclear bomb testing. Nuclear bomb tests, he argued, are necessary for weapons research and technological progress generally, and thus for the nation's present and future security.

What surprised people about Mr. Rockefeller's proposal was not the actual substance of it, but the fact that the questions of peace, disarmament and nuclear policy are difficult and controversial, and the wise politician might be expected to avoid any strong and explicit commitment concerning them. Instead of hedging safely on these politically dangerous issues, Mr. Rockefeller has chosen to take a definite, forthright stand. In this same area, it will be remembered, Governor Rockefeller was the only candidate—or candidate for the candidacy—to voice strong misgivings about Premier Khrushchev's visit to the United States and the euphoric response to the Camp David meetings. That he was a Republican candidate disagreeing with a Republican President and Administration made Mr. Rockefeller's statements even more notable.

At least one Washington correspondent, William V. Shannon, has seen in Mr. Rockefeller's forthrightness the hopeful possibility of a great political debate, one which will present a legitimate conflict of views on the real issues of our times. Such a contest of ideas, instead of the more usual exchange of maxims and platitudes, is devoutly to be wished, of course. But we are unable to feel very hopeful about it.

First of all, it is not beyond question that Mr. Rockefeller wishes to engage in any such high-minded discussion. The nagging thoughts arise that Mr. Rockefeller's best chance for the candidacy is not to agree with the positions taken by the front-running Richard Nixon but to challenge them; that he cannot supplant Mr. Nixon as an insider, one of the Administration family, and therefore may just as well make his outsideness count for something; that a "hard" anti-Communist posture, critical of those who have been "soft," is not exactly a non-conformist or unpopular position.

Then, who would engage with Mr. Rockefeller in a responsible discussion of issues, particularly the most difficult and dangerous one of East-West relations? Most of the candidates seem to have taken their cue from that most professional of politicians, Majority Leader Johnson. And Senator Johnson is so averse to any kind of commitment that one might revive for him the title once bestowed on another Presidential aspirant—"the candidate in sneakers." Adlai Stevenson, of course, if he were nominated, might be expected to join Mr. Rockefeller, if he were nominated, in a genuine debate on national policy. But this speculation involves too many if's entirely.

A GREAT debate on the fundamental assumptions of our foreign policy is unquestionably sorely needed. The architect of our present policy of "containment," former State Department planner George F. Kennan, has been saying for the past two years that this policy is now outmoded, unrealistic and perilous. His proposal two years ago for "disengagement" from the heart of Europe by both the Soviet Union and the West won only brief attention in the newspapers and magazines. Former Secretary of State Acheson addressed himself to the problem, it is true, yet for members of the Administration and for those of the opposition

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party who were in office the challenge might never have been made.

It might seem, in the light of recent developments, that Mr. Kennan's views have at last won a belated response from President Eisenhower and Administration planners, but even this would be too much to assume. The movement in the Administration toward "accommodation" with the Soviets is undeniable, except that it is denied. The Administration insists that no reappraisal of policy, such as Mr. Kennan urges, is necessary, that no significant changes have been made in our foreign policy thinking, despite significant changes marked by all the world. Too, modifications in official thinking on one side of the equation, like the move toward nuclear disarmament, are not accompanied by the necessary modification on the other side, like ending United States dependence on "massive retaliation" and building up our conventional defense forces.

Nothing could be more challenging, more dramatic than Mr. Kennan's most recent criticism of the lack of planning and purpose in our highest levels of government: "If you ask me whether a country . . . with no highly developed sense of national purpose, with the overwhelming accent of life on personal comfort, with a dearth of public services and a surfeit of privately sold gadgetry, with insufficient social discipline even to keep its major industries functioning without grievous interruption—if you ask me whether such a country has in the long run good chances of competing with a purposeful, serious and disciplined society such as that of the Soviet Union, I must say that the answer is 'No.' "

Criticisms like these—and not just from Mr. Kennan—have been ringing about our ears for quite some time. And up till now our national leaders have managed not to hear them. Perhaps Mr. Rockefeller has heard, and perhaps the debate will come about before election day in 1960. Unfortunately, however, we cannot say that we expect it. And we think that on this score Mr. Kennan is quite right. If our society is to survive at all, it must rouse itself—and soon—from its warm and comfortable dreams.

INDIA'S RESISTANCE

IS NEHRU'S India prepared to go to any serious length to oppose China's depredations? So far it would not seem so. The Prime Minister has issued a number of verbal protests from New Delhi

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over the bloody subjugation of Tibet and welcomed the Dalai Lama and thousands of Tibetan refugees. He has also protested the incursions of Chinese troops on the Indian side of the McMahon line. But the Chinese, as all modern totalitarians before them, demonstrate the ineffectiveness of attempting to oppose determined aggression simply by aggrieved complaints.

Moreover, Mr. Nehru is hanging on to Krishna Menon, the Indian Foreign Minister and U.N. representative who can find excuses for anything the Chinese do. Nehru and other members of his Cabinet may continue to express their displeasure for all the Chinese Communists care. As far as India itself goes, however, China's unopposed aggression in the Himalayas is having two beneficent effects: it has split the Indian Communist Party and, what is immediately much more important, brought about a degree of mutual understanding with Pakistan. In that there lies some hope.

AUTOMATION AND "FEATHERBEDDING"

COLLECTIVE BARGAINING arbitrators refer, cautiously, to "work practices provisions." Industrial leaders talk, bitterly, about "featherbedding." Labor leaders praise "safety rules" and decry any "return to the sweatshop." Whatever the term used, the reality involved in the advance of automation comes closer and closer. Here, almost certainly, is the labor-management issue which is most likely to inflame and divide in the years immediately ahead.

The break-through settlement between the United Steelworkers and the Kaiser Steel Corp. involves no changes in the hotly disputed "work rules" provisions of previous agreements. It did, however, provide for the establishment of a joint committee to recommend a "long-range formula to insure a proper sharing of the fruits of the company's progress." Obviously it is at this point impossible to predict how the long-range work of the committee will come out, but we are convinced that it is this basic approach to the subject that should prevail, provided that the "joint" committee includes provisions for the public interest—in the form of lower prices, for example. Full-scale automation represents revolutionary change, and its consequences for the national welfare are so momentous that no one group, labor or management, can reasonably expect to determine the new industrial pattern unilaterally.

"Featherbedding" is industrial sin, and it is easy enough for industry leaders to wage a vigorous fight against it. But the fact remains that most "make-work" practices are reactions to technological changes for which no more sensible alternatives were provided. "Featherbedding" may be a social ill, but is it better to tell a man in his fifties that his skill and he himself are no longer needed? Industries which refuse to accept plant-wide or even corporation-wide seniority systems should not be surprised if their workers seek to create a maze of "work rules" to protect their job-interest. Industries which are unwilling to use part of automation's gains for extensive retraining programs can hardly expect worker cooperation in eliminating jobs.

The point is that the problem of technological change is a big one, which must be faced intelligently—and honestly. The leaders of American industry are deceiving themselves if they imagine automation can be dealt with simply by waging a vigorous campaign against "featherbedding"; union leaders are deceiving themselves if they think it enough simply to inveigh against any "speed-up."

Automation opens up enchanting visions of a vastly enlarged productive capacity; it also poses the threat of social uprooting, the transformation of entire regions into depressed areas, and unemployment on a mass scale. It would not be in the public interest to have automation in full bloom and millions on the relief rolls; it would not be in the public interest to have the advantages of automation dissipated by the perpetuation of wasteful and unproductive work practices. As matters now stand, neither possibility is completely out of the question. If automation is to be the blessing it should be, labor-management statesmanship of a high order will be needed. At this point, the prospects for such leadership cannot be called overly bright.

THE CUBAN TURMOIL

MANY OF the recent events in Cuba have been confusing or disheartening, or both, but the suspension of the right of habeas corpus and the revival of the military tribunal mark, unambiguously, a turn for the worse. Even those who have reviewed sympathetically the wide-ranging, free-swinging, intemperate acts and speeches of Fidel Castro must deplore the return of practices which had some justification during the period of armed revolt but which are quite out of place in the Cuba of today.

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When Batista was defeated, those who were aware, however belatedly, of the extent of the torture and repression which were daily fare under his regime looked for conditions to improve under Castro. There can be no doubt that improvements were immediate and are still evident. At least as important, sympathetic observers of Cuba hoped that the inequities of the social and economic system which weighed so heavily on most of the Cubans would be corrected. The large reforms which the new government immediately inaugurated have, as their goal, just such corrections. Although the program is encouraging, the lasting positive results are still in the future and the obstacles to be overcome remain formidable.

The agrarian reform, which is the keystone of the social revolution, faces two problems. It is so comprehensive that the intricacies of the vast changes occasionally appear to swamp the government. And it is so drastic that it has exposed the Castro government to severe criticism, including charges of being Communist controlled or, at least, Communist inspired. Castro has responded strongly to all criticisms.

None of the serious issues involved in the widespread changes wrought by the Castro regime is open to simple judgment. Within Cuba those who have suffered financial losses under the new laws have frequently, but not uniformly, been critical. And some Cubans have criticized the implementation of laws which are based upon principles of which they approve. Important conservative Cuban Catholics have broken with Castro, but other influential Catholics continue to support him. Yet, despite this dissension and Castro's own intemperate responses, he still inspires deep loyalty among his many supporters.

The problems of the country are, thus, serious, demanding and complex. Considering the manner in which Castro has attempted to grapple with them the wonder is that he has not roused more opposition than he has. More surprising, and quite regrettable, is the fact that he seems unwilling to recognize the success he has achieved and attempt to nurture it.

The fact is that he has not so responded. He has revived some of the worst features of pre-revolutionary days. With the suspension of the right of habeas corpus and the revival of the military tribunals, with their slogan of "Revolutionary Justice," freedom of speech and action is seriously curtailed and justice threatened. These changes, coupled with Castro's rude, unsupported charges against the U.S., tell badly against Castro. In answer to the question "liberator or dictator?" they lean strongly in one direction. Those who sympathize with Cuba and her problems must grieve at these recent actions and hope that they are reversed before the damage becomes irreparable.

ONE MAN'S MEAT

A SUBSCRIBER wrote us in some puzzlement the other day, enclosing a copy of the *Nation* for Oct. 17 and wanting to know why he had received it, in the usual Commonweal wrapper, instead of the copy of The Commonweal that should have been there. The matter puzzled us too for awhile; the *Nation* is not printed in the same plant nor mailed in the same post office as The Commonweal. Then we hit on what we think is probably the explanation: in our subscriber's local post office, both the *Nation* and The Commonweal must have slipped out of their wrappers, and post office workers by mistake stuffed the *Nation* into The Commonweal wrapper and The Commonweal into the *Nation* wrapper.

If we are right in our theory, then, someone in our subscriber's neighborhood got The Commonweal for Oct. 16th, rather than the *Nation* for Oct. 17th. We wish we knew what he made of it. In the *Nation* our subscriber was able to read, among other things, a long and detailed account of Caryl Chessman's eleven-year fight to avoid execution; we haven't covered the case, and we hope our subscriber profited from the *Nation's* article. And the *Nation* reader who got the Oct. 16th issue of The Commonweal must have been surprised too; in it he would have found, for instance, an article on the relationship between theology and literature, a subject which is not one of the *Nation's* preoccupations.

The more we think of it, the more we think there is a great idea here, and maybe the post office should be encouraged to carry it further. *Fortune* readers would get *Dissent* every now and then, and vice versa; devotees of the *American Ecclesiastical Review* would get *Presbyterian Life;* readers of Southern Baptist publications would get *Our Sunday Visitor; Christian Century* readers would get *America;* subscribers to the handsome new *New Republic* would get *Human Events;* Brooklyn *Tablet* readers would learn at first hand how the P.O.A.U. thinks.

How this would all end we have no idea, but it probably wouldn't do a bit of harm. It would certainly stir things up, anyway.

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The Test of Africa

African nationalism's essential ingredients are the hopes and aspirations of black peoples long enslaved

by JAMES T. HARRIS, JR.

ON THE PROVING grounds of Africa, one of the greatest tests of the ability of the West to survive the cataclysmic changes of the twentieth century is now taking place. The immediate problem is not whether Africa goes "Communist" or "capitalist." For, as one informed African recently answered a worried American who feared the "vacuum" left by the exodus of competent and right-minded Europeans, "If every European left Africa tomorrow, there would be fewer Communists in all Africa than in Paris, Rome, London or New York."

The surge of African nationalism has been so widely and so variously interpreted that it is important to establish what it is and what it is not. In the first place, like nationalism historically in most parts of the world, the African development has both particularistic and universal aspects. It is the struggle of the Kenyans for elimination of white settler domination; the radical criticisms of labor organizations against European-controlled economies; the fight to bring indigenous culture and historical traditions into school curricula. On the other hand, African nationalism is also the movement toward federation in French and British West Africa; the Pan-African congresses and conventions; and the increasing opposition to all forms of colonial domination in all parts of Africa.

It is significant that, unlike much of European nationalism in the past, African nationalism has no important non-African inspiration or support. The language of the nationalists may upon occasion be the language of Jefferson, Voltaire or Marx, but the political, economic and cultural environment is uniquely African.

And today's African leader is not so much the lawyer-scholar parrying polite words with his colonial tutors, but more a "man of the people" who, though frequently educated abroad, has the ability to marshal the support of tribal chiefs and plantation workers, civil servants and university people. Men like Nkrumah, Azikiwe, Mboya and Touré are easily the equals of political leaders anywhere in the world—and a stripe above most.

Finally, African nationalists, like their counterparts in nearly all the non-Western world, are determined not to become pawns in the great East-West conflict. Most are astute enough to realize that strict neutrality is an illusion, but they are also intelligent enough to realize that complete commitment to one side or the other destroys their bargaining position. They must, in their view, retain sufficient independence of action and policy to wangle maximum concessions from both sides in the interests of Africa or of their particular African states.

Lest we be too quickly inclined to impugn the manipulative attitude that this suggests, it must be remembered that this is a policy not originating in Africa and not altogether unknown in Western diplomatic history. Further, it would be erroneous to miscalculate the Africans' sincere desire for peace and their unwillingness to give strength and succor to international saber-rattling in a world which could be destroyed before they have had a chance to enjoy it.

IN SUM, African nationalism is primarily neither socialist nor capitalist, Western nor Eastern, Christian nor non-Christian. It is some of all of these. But its essential ingredients are the hopes and aspirations of black peoples long enslaved in their own homelands—lands which have produced enormous wealth for others, wealth which Africans now want for themselves.

Surely no informed student of African affairs is prepared to place any objective or aspiration higher in terms of the Negro African's priorities than freedom and independence. Western policy has managed to become bogged in a mire of conflicting assertions con-

Mr. Harris is a member of the executive staff of the American Society of African Culture.

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cerning "readiness for independence" or "partnership" or "indivisible parts of the metropolitan homeland"—all ranged against the African's claim to the right to determine his own political and economic future. One of the elemental facts of the political life of our epoch is that each grant of freedom, each concession to independence, is inevitably the harbinger of more articulate and more forceful demands from those Africans still under colonial tutelage. And with notable exceptions, the acquisition of freedom is in the face of the rear-guard battle waged by the colonial powers to preserve their political and economic hegemony until the last possible moment.

The holding action of the colonial powers is, in the eyes of the African, aided and abetted by the United States in a variety of ways, including our rather negative voting record in the United Nations. Africans cite our lack of support in the U.N. for the resolution calling for a study of the meaning of non-self-governing territories, for setting target dates towards independence for trust territories, for recognition of the principle of Algerian independence and request for negotiations, and for a number of other proposals on which the United States either abstained or voted no.

The commendable reversal of policy seen in the United States support of the relatively mild censure of the Union of South Africa in the United States resolution on Union racial policy can hardly reverse the prevalent feeling among U.N. African diplomats and African nationalists at home that the United States is still inextricably bound to European colonial policy. For it is a matter of common knowledge at the U.N. that on several critical African issues, where the interests of our European allies have been represented as crucial, we have not only supported their position but have, in the view of the Africans, done some rather hard and heavy-handed corridor buttonholing.

Outside of the U.N., our political and economic policy toward Africa seems plagued by the same lack of imagination and initiative that has characterized U.S. policy generally on important international questions. There are vexing correlations between our European policies and African problems; between our international aid and development policies and our African programs; and, finally, between our struggle with totalitarianism and our ability to see clearly how we can aid and guide a constructive African nationalism. Our chief difficulty, however, is not so much in seeing these links but in breaking them, where they can be broken, and where the separation promises to focus the use of our limited energies and resources. This is primarily a question of shifting emphasis, of relative appreciation of the new and growing forces to be reckoned with in African affairs.

On the most central issue, that of independence, the ingredients which are most lacking in relations between African nationalism and the West are hope and confidence in Western intentions. No specific policy can win the support of African nationalists until they are convinced that we will give fundamental support to their basic aspirations. Pious Jeffersonian representations are a poor substitute for clear policy statements.

AFRICAN nationalists demand and deserve clearer proof of the West's honorable intentions. It will be necessary to convince those of our European friends who are still reluctant that they must accede to the principle of independence and to the formation of specific policies and programs leading to the eventual freedom of their colonies. Once this principle has been accepted and proclaimed by the colonial powers, with the support of the United States, the conflict may take a completely different shape. Then the chances are greater that the arguments will be arguments of men of good will, sharing the same objective and differing only on method and timing.

Needless to say, the colonial powers as well as the African nationalists will need simultaneous assurances of a viable and progressive economic life after independence. It is perhaps here that America has an unequaled opportunity for statesmanship and ingenuity. The most essential step is bringing about a coordinated effort on the part of European powers and African governments to consider long-range plans of economic development, including increasing agricultural and industrial productivity, internal and external market development, sources of technical assistance and capital, and the like.

It is patently clear that the wider the participation, the more useful and "economical" will be the development schemes. It is equally obvious that the political and economic backing of the United States and its European allies would alone provide the guarantee of security and success for the interested African governments. Moreover, the cost of such a program is vastly less important than the mobilization and concentration of skills and resources for unified and condensed programs—skills and resources which are presently being expended in disparate projects and programs.

Simultaneously with these first two steps, measures

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must be undertaken to increase one hundred-fold the flow of persons and ideas within Africa and between Africa and the world outside. Educational exchanges must keep pace with Africa's needs for internal development and her responsibilities in the international community. Cultural exchanges at every level—painting, sculpture, music, dance, literature—*must precede* (or at least accompany) any major effort depending for its success on mutual confidence, understanding and respect.

There are, of course, enormous psychological disadvantages which must be overcome in order for many Americans and Europeans to think seriously along the lines suggested here. Five centuries of Western contact with Africa have been characterized primarily by a master-servant relationship. This is also true in those nations where Africans have been the ethnic base of important minorities, such as the United States, Brazil, and the Antilles (West Indies). It is one of the ironies of history, and certainly of our times, that the only major power with no such relationship to Africa is host to a new kind of slavery, which the world still understands dimly but which might seem more palatable since it enslaves all—white and black without discrimination.

SPEAKING of the African as an "equal partner in the great human enterprise of the twentieth century" must have as hollow a ring in the inner recesses of the soul of Senator Eastland as Dr. Stridjhom. Applying the principles of democracy and the rule of the majority is as painful in Mississippi as in Kenya. Nevertheless, however hollow the ring, however painful the process, we must convert ourselves to a practicing belief in human equality and dignity that includes black men, that excludes nobody, or we will be converted to atomic dust at best or soulless automatons at worst.

Western leadership should come from the nation outside Africa which has the largest population of people of African descent in the world. For the situation of the American Negro is inevitably the barometer of the African's faith in Western ideals generally and American sincerity particularly. Our program abroad must therefore be accompanied by radical efforts at home corresponding to the radical changes we expect in African confidence in our sincerity.

Every American ambassador who must represent the U.S. in an African nation is sabotaged in the most fundamental way by acts of racial bigotry in this country. We must recognize that our diplomats cannot win African confidence for a nation that speaks with two voices—one for home, one for abroad—on questions of racial justice.

Whether the American Negro becomes an asset or an albatross in our schemes for African development must depend upon an ability to see African-American relations in total perspective. Total perspective means that we can no longer afford the luxury of electing a Congressman who knows all about flood control problems back in his own home state and little if anything about the Volta River.

No American businessman can indulge his desire to profit from a protected market without full realization that his temporary advantage may expose us all to fearful danger in the future. No American Christian can think seriously about his own or anybody else's salvation without making the most urgent of Christian precepts—Love Thy Neighbor—specific in its application to black and white neighbors at home and abroad.

The final act of the drama is not yet written. We may either wrap ourselves in a mantle of helpless resignation and lie waiting for the inevitable, or we may assert our wealth, power and imagination, supported by the noblest traditions of our nationhood, and face the future with courage and strength. The choice is still ours.

JEREMIAD

Radioactive vultures will plunge through ashes
To squat upon our cities and our beloved mountains,
To make their nests upon our prairies, lay their eggs
Upon the islands of the sea, hatch them, feed them
With the disease of their own flesh.

And the eggs will burst forth like bombs, will yeast
Into putrid bomb-cloud, grow, swell, bloom, bloat,
Until they crumble heavily and hotly rain,
Stifling our fair land, maculating, roosting,
Polluting the coop we had built for their mothers,
The birds made with chemicals, the split-cell process,
And we will smother, smother, smother till we are dead.

Only those who stood apart in the colonies, chanting,
Mating, worshipping water buffalo and moose, snake,
Pig and goose, who turned the daily prayer wheels,
Carried sticks to market, rode bare-back through the
Green valleys . . .
Will then walk about the earth,
Festering with the sores of too much light,
Will walk in fear and darkness for generations
Before they dare again to paint in caves
Or raise their eyes to reason with the stars.

PIERRE HENRI DELATTRE.

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SUBSTITUTE FOR WAR?

IN HIS sinful days Saint Augustine prayed: "Lord, give me chastity, but not yet." We are all rather like that about war: "Lord, give us a warless world, but not yet." For most of us find it frightening to contemplate a world in which no nation, including our own, could have recourse to arms. We may agree that a nuclear war is unthinkable. We may agree that somehow, some way, the possibility of war will have to be abolished. We may even agree that the choice before us is total disarmament or total annihilation. We may have concluded long ago that at the present stage of technical development only total disarmament makes sense. . . but not yet, Lord, not yet.

Right from the beginning there is a lack of trust. Why should we believe the Soviets mean what they say this time, we ask ourselves. America should be mighty sure about Russian disarmament before any steps are taken to weaken our own defenses. Here is the first hurdle to disarmament.

But there are others, too. For example, even if our leaders were to become absolutely convinced that the Soviets did mean what they said, were thoroughly persuaded that Russia would carry out the disarmament program agreed upon at the United Nations, how would they go about convincing the American people? Distrust of Soviet purposes and skepticism about Communist promises are now practically universal. The one thing everybody knows about Khrushchev's riddle wrapped in an enigma is that you can't believe a word the Kremlin says. For a decade or more now that has been the basic premise of American thinking about Soviet Russia. It will not be easy to change it.

Another hurdle is the product of recent history. Two times in the twentieth century the United States experimented with disarmament. Both times the results were tragic. We were not ready for Nazism or Japanese militarism when they appeared, and we paid a high price for our lack of preparedness. We were too hasty about demobilizing after the victory came in 1945.

But, as a wise man said once, all we can learn from studying the past is that history never repeats itself.

The odds were in our favor when we had a monopoly on atomic weapons in the late forties. But there are no odds in anybody's favor any more, with hydrogen bombs available to both sides. Military preparedness reached the point of diminishing returns for Washington and Moscow alike, some time ago.

The alternative to annihilation seems to be total disarmament; at this stage of the game, halfway measures will not do. And that "total" means just what it says; everyone has to disarm and everyone has to disarm completely. Every single nation will have to be convinced that all others are serious about it before disarmament is possible for any of them.

Total disarmament, in a word, will be the most gigantic operation the civilized world has ever engaged in; it will require cooperation on a heroic scale between governments and peoples the world over.

On the face of it, it appears to be impossible. But there is an old axiom to the effect that whatever is necessary must be made possible. Sooner than we expect perhaps, the sober realization that war must be abolished will be general enough to turn universal disarmament, man's ancient dream, into reality. I would not want to bet on it, but I see no reason not to consider it.

Disarmament will not be purchased cheaply. Among other unpleasant things, it will mean that the status quo, with all its injustices and ill will, will have to be accepted as a starting point. There is no use denying this initial handicap. To admit it however is not to agree that the status quo must go forever unchanged. History, with or without war, will remain dynamic. Things will change and be changed. The difference will be that nations will have to give up the hope of changing things by the use of military power, either for good or ill. International law will have to play a much more significant role than it has played in human history up to now. For the rule of law will have to supplant military threat, coercion and sanction.

And here of course is the real nub of the problem. What notion of law can all men agree to live by? We would find an international court of law operating according to the Communist understanding of justice wholly unacceptable. Presumably a court operating according to our ideas would be anathema to them.

But if we are going to have a warless world we will have to take one problem at a time. The first and foremost problem right now, it seems to me, is to get the world to realize that technology has caught up with us, war is out of the question forever more. Once that notion has really been grasped, the substitution of law for military power can be faced up to.

Continued existence is just about the only thing East and West can agree upon. I take it, then, that we need have no more arguments about the value of coexistence, which is only another way of saying common survival. What should be up for discussion are the terms for coexistence. Are they possible terms? The development of science has put war out of the question. Has the development of Communist ideology made the rule of law—the only substitute I know for the use of force—an impossibility? If it has, we are lost.

JOHN COGLEY.

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Space-age technocracy and nineteenth-century mogulism exist side by side

American Baronies

by LAWRENCE T. KING

THE SCIENTIFIC advances of the past decade have been so spectacular that they have engendered a dangerous tendency in American life to overlook the widening gulf between our technological gains and our social progress. As we stand on the threshold of the space age, we have managed, for instance, to lose sight of the existence of communities—towns, cities and entire geographical regions—where the pattern of life remains much the same as it was in the nineteenth century.

Recently a weekly news magazine detailed the story of such a community: the city of Kannapolis, North Carolina, with a population of 30,000, where practically everything is owned and controlled by Charles A. Cannon, a textile manufacturer with thirteen mills scattered throughout the Carolinas. The city has no legal existence—no charter, no mayor, no city manager —and owes its life to the presence of the Cannon mills which employ most of the city's working force.

Cannon also provides the necessary city services—trash collections, street maintenance, etc.—and owns virtually all of the city's real estate, including 1,700 workers' homes and most of the downtown business district. He also owns the building where the city's only newspaper, the Kannapolis Daily Independent, is published, although ownership of the paper is vested in the name of his son-in-law.

All this, of course, is not unusual. There are hundreds of mill towns throughout the South which are owned and controlled by individuals and corporations. It was a political feud and the role of a successful Independent in dealing with it that singled out Charles A. Cannon for national notoriety. But the Kannapolis story served as a painful reminder that space-age technocracy and nineteenth-century mogulism continue to exist side by side in the America of 1959.

In addition to the mill towns of the South, the coal-producing regions of the country are dotted with company towns in which the mining company is the sole employer. In these towns, the company not only owns the workers' homes but also provides most of the necessities of life through the medium of company stores. The evils of the system have been somewhat mitigated by new state and federal highways which have ended the towns' isolation and by the existence of a strong union which gives the individual miners a feeling of strength and solidarity completely lacking in the unorganized textile towns of the South.

One-industry towns, however, remain highly susceptible to economic fluctuations. When the market for their product declines, there are layoffs, cut-backs and dwindling paychecks. The number of ghost towns—and they are not all confined to the once lucrative gold and silver-producing areas of the West—bears bleak testimony to the dangers of a community's total dependence upon a single industry.

IN THE intermountain states of the West, the older ghost towns have become tourist attractions, and a myth—the myth of the Romantic West—has grown up around them to blind Americans to the economic and social reality of their existence. Tourism brings in the region's greatest wealth, obscuring the fact that in Montana and Arizona copper is still king and that the region remains a treasure trove of mineral wealth and natural resources—all destined for export only—whose value dwarfs anything taken from the fabulous Comstock Lode.

Why, then, must the region depend so precariously on the dollars brought in by the ski lodges of Sun Valley, the gaming tables of Reno and Las Vegas, the winter resorts of Tucson, the curio stores and dude ranches of New Mexico? If the tourist could leave his conducted tour long enough to visit the Coeur d' Alene Valley of Idaho, the cavernous mines of Colorado and the pock-marked red hills of Montana and Arizona, he would find the answer. And in the process, he would come face to face with all the disquieting socio-economic aspects of a one-industry economy.

Here in a region of vast distances and rugged isolation, company towns remain the rule rather than the exception, and you will find them sprawling on the hot valley floors or huddled against the sides of mountains —man-made blotches of ugliness against a backdrop of breath-taking scenic grandeur. This is the domain of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, the Phelps-

Mr. King, a frequent contributor, is a newspaperman now working in California.

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Dodge Corporation and the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, industrial behemoths which have created immense fortunes for their stockholders in the East and joyless enclaves of embittered miners in the West.

Little of the wealth wrested from the region has ever been returned to the bleak cities and towns of the region. What money does reach this mining kingdom comes from the tourists and from the federal government's ventures in the field of reclamation and hydroelectric development. Paradoxically, most Americans who oppose the federal role in Western development do so on the premise that one section of the country is being taxed to benefit another section, overlooking the harsh fact that government expenditures have never been more than a minute fraction of the immense national wealth produced in the region and siphoned off to other areas.

STRANGELY enough, the tyranny of the one-industry economy which holds the region in its bondage had its beginnings in Congressional acts of 1866, 1870 and 1872 which drastically changed the nature of gold and silver mining from a highly individualistic operation to one favoring development by eastern capital. When Sutter discovered gold in California, the United States had no mining laws on the books and Congress, anxious to encourage western expansion, conveniently closed its eyes to the prospecting activities of the Forty-niners on land which then constituted the federal domain.

As a result, the California miners evolved their own set of rules which discouraged holdings bigger than individual miners could work and made each prospector his own entrepreneur who sold his daily or weekly "take" at prices prevailing on the open market. Much of the wealth thus remained in California and was reflected in new ventures such as farming, cattle raising and fruit and vegetable production.

Those who did not wish to settle down in California made their way eastward over the mountains into Nevada, Idaho, Colorado and Arizona. In addition to gold and silver, these prospectors came upon copper, lead, coal and iron, but they found it in veins; and the quartz-type mining necessary to extract the metal required manpower, machinery and large capital investments. Initial mining claims were sold at ridiculously low prices to those with access to eastern capital. Thus, in one quick jump, the intermountain West made the transition from frontier days to large-scale industrial production.

Congress aided the process by allowing large claims, proxy filings and other provisions favoring capitalistic development in large units. The wars of the copper kings, financed by the Eastern trusts, followed, ending in the formation of the industrial kingdoms which still reign over the region today. The Western miner, once the freest of all Americans, thus assumed a subsidiary role as a wage-earner completely dependent upon the largesse of the company for which he worked.

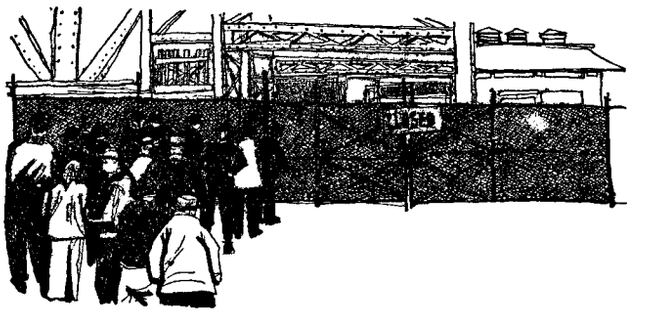
It was no accident that the bloodiest chapters in American labor history were written in these mountains. The massacre of the Ludlow coal miners and their families in Colorado, the bloody battles between the Federation of Western Miners and Amalgamated Copper—forerunner of Anaconda—in the Butte area, the bitter strife in the Coeur d'Alene Valley during the 1890's in which federal troops were put at the disposal of the mine owners to put down the miners' periodic insurrections—all left their bitter mark on the region.

In his *Montana—High, Wide and Handsome,* Joseph Kinsey Howard noted that "hatred does not die with the hater. It lives on in the tradition of his family, his lodge, his union, even, sometimes, his church. It lives on, too, in the apathy he bequeathed to the community he despised, in the poisoned landscape, the eroded hillside, the charcoal sticks which once were trees. The community may die before the hatred dies."

It was in these mountains that the radical labor movement was born. The present-day International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, expelled from the C.I.O. because of its refusal to dismiss leaders accused of being Communists, can trace its line of descent from the early Federation of Western Miners, whose leaders brought into existence the International Workers of the World. The background of these miners goes a long way in explaining their attitude.

THE WEALTH produced in the region remains a constant source of amazement. Copper fields in Montana, Idaho, Utah and Arizona—four of the most sparsely populated states in the Union—have produced more than ten billion dollars, which is more than five times the total value of all the gold ever mined in California.

Today, Butte, Montana, calls itself the "world's richest mining camp" and claims it is built on the "richest hill on earth" which has yielded more than two-and-a-half billion dollars in copper. Yet the miners live in homes which in more enlightened sections would be described as hovels. One visitor to the city observed: "The mine tunnels are laid out better than the city's



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streets." None of the descendants of the copper moguls —the Dalys, the Clarks, the Guggenheims—lives in Butte or its environs, nor do any of Anaconda's present directors.

Perhaps the most dismal feature of the West's one-industry mining towns is the absence of any sense of security among the workers. Their income can be cut off at any moment—sickness, accident, a depressed market for metals, technological unemployment. The recessions of 1937-38 and 1958 were felt more acutely than in areas enjoying a diversified economy. In 1938, when the market price of copper took a plunge, seven thousand miners in the Butte area were laid off, and the city's economy virtually collapsed. The uncertainty and insecurity serve to keep alive the miners' apathy toward community development—it is the company's town, not theirs.

If the miners lack a feeling of permanence or stability, the corporate interests do not. The tragedy is that the corporations have exercised their tremendous power to further their own interests rather than the interests of the region as a whole.

As a result, the intermountain West has remained a colonial frontier. Tons of silver are mined in Colorado, but there are no silversmiths in Denver. Copper produced in Utah, Idaho, Arizona and Montana is refined in New Jersey, fabricated in Connecticut and owned by New Yorkers. Oil and natural gas piped throughout the region from New Mexican fields enrich absentee owners in Texas, New York and California. Dryland wheat produced on Colorado mesa lands is shipped to Kansas for milling. Most of the region's livestock is butchered in the Midwest, and huge shipments of wool are sent to New England mills. The processed products come back to the region at inflated prices. The region's cost of living is the highest in the United States and its per capita income is thirty per cent below the national average.

This state of affairs is reflected in the region's population figures. The eight intermountain states have a combined population of less than five million—a density of less than five persons a square mile compared to 45.6 per cent for the United States. The population of most of the one-industry cities—Butte, Helena, Burke, Kellogg and Anaconda among others—is actually declining because of technological improvement in mining methods and the subsequent displacement of workers.

THE REGION, however, remains incredibly rich in natural resources. It contains vast untapped reserves of coal and oil, rich veins of feldspar, "the wonder metal of the future," and an inexhaustible treasure house of uranium, strontium and other atomic materials. But if the pattern of one-industry, monopolistic development by absentee landlords continues, there is little likelihood that these new bonanzas will directly benefit the region of their origin.

What is needed is a broader population base; processing and manufacturing plants closer to the source of raw materials, which would substantially reduce the cost of vital metals for American industry; and a healthier balance between industry and agriculture, which would do much to reduce the high cost of living which prevails in the region.

Water is the key which will eventually unlock the riches of this semi-arid mountain empire for the people themselves, since it will open up dry lands to food producing, bring in diversified industry and more workers, and decrease the dependence of the present population on the corporate interests which are now the sole dispensers of the region's wealth.

Yet the federal reclamation program, begun so auspiciously at the turn of the century and pushed so vigorously in New Deal days, has come to a virtual standstill—thanks in no small measure to the alliance forged by private power interests and the giant mining corporations which are determined to keep the intermountain West as their private preserve.

Because of the low population base, the corporations have been unusually successful in shaping the region's political direction. Until a few months ago, Anaconda owned practically every newspaper in Montana, a holdover from the days of the copper moguls when they found it necessary to control public opinion and politics as well as their mining operations. The sale of the Anaconda publishing properties to the Spiedel chain was hailed by many as a portent of enlightened capitalism. Others dismissed it as a maneuver by Anaconda to let a "neutral" party fight its battles. These skeptics were quick to point out that the other Spiedel papers throughout the West have a long history of reverence for the status quo and could much more effectively serve the Anaconda cause under the guise of an independent press.

In the intermountain states—as in the coal regions, in the domain of the Southern textile fields and wherever a single, unenlightened industry maintains a stranglehold on the area's development—there is an urgent need for economic and social reform to bridge the gulf between twentieth century technocracy and nineteenth century living patterns.

American social advances have come in spurts—the age of Jackson, the Greenback ferment, the Populists' agitation, the trust-busting era and western development phase of Theodore Roosevelt, the New Deal. All have had a tremendous impact in extending the area of Americans' economic and social freedom. There is every evidence to indicate that such a spurt is needed now to jolt a complacent nation from the inaction which permits the existence of vast islands of misery in the midst of plenty.

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The phenomenal rise of the all-purpose credit card

Live Now, Pay Later

by EDWARD ENGBERG

ON ANY American street corner these days, one is likely to find people who are ready to discourse knowingly on inflation, the gross national product and tax depreciation allowances. On the same street corners, however, one will also find people who belong to Chrismas Clubs; that is, people who with no money to speak of are eager to lend what they can to banks from one Christmas to the next at no cost to the banks; some who keep their money in savings accounts at, in many cases, only three per cent interest and who, on top of that, borrow on their savings as if it cost them less than a loan on their signatures; and some who prefer doing business with the credit departments of retail stores at interest rates the loan officer of their banks would consider usurious.

It is behavior like this which drives economists back to their mother science, mathematics, makes a shambles of economic forecasts, and helps to support a thriving colony of "investment advisers." To the list of economic irrationalities must now be added the all-purpose credit card, a credential which the bulk of its users need as much as a Rockefeller needs money.

Since its inception less than a decade ago, the all-purpose credit card has been treated to an enormous amount of newspaper and magazine space. This fact can be explained by introducing two others. The first is the ability of all-purpose credit to make money for its three leading purveyors, Diners' Club, the American Express Company and Hilton Credit Corporation (a corporate by-product of the hotel empire which distributes *Carte Blanche*). More than one million Americans carry at least one of these cards, and many all three—at an annual charge of seventeen dollars. What's more, credit men look forward exuberantly to the day in which a housewife who proffers cash at a supermarket checkout counter will be a memento of a bygone era, a crackerbarrel in the A. & P.

The second fact, in point of interest in this phenomenon, is that no one quite knows how or why credit cards burst so spectacularly into fashion. Reflective journalists have found in the credit card boom a subject for uneasy essays on the "democratization of consumption" and the decay of the Protestant ethic. On the one hand, credit cards have been awarded the tribute to which every fledgling phenomenon aspires, cartoons in the *New Yorker*. On the other, they have been honored by *Consumers Report* with a warning to users. What is the appeal of the all-purpose credit card?

TO THE Diners' Club and its imitators, success has been largely a matter of convenience. The all-purpose card is distinguishable from precursor special-purpose credit cards chiefly in point of versatility. Equipped with no more than a Diners' Club card and a good ballpoint pen, an American may rent a Hertz car, park at any Kinney lot in New York City, put up at the Pierre, eat at his choice of most of Manhattan's best restaurants and finish with a Monte Cristo Churchill from the humidor at Alfred Dunhill's. His American Express card permits him to dispose of his correspondence by renting a Dictaphone machine and hiring the temporary office services of a Kelly girl to transcribe it and reward her with a bonus—a box of chocolates from Barricini's. Then, if the mood overtakes him, he may book passage to Capetown where Springbok Safaris will be happy to arrange a jungle expedition. If he wishes to make his own weather forecasts, or study the stars, Hoffritz for Cutlery will supply him with a barometer and a telescope. He will find that his signature is as good for a meal in Rome, Italy, as in Rome, New York; in Istanbul no less than in Boise. All he need do is pay promptly the single bill which comes to him for all this, and he may begin anew (if he's lucky, as is often the case, it may take sixty days, perhaps longer, before all the charges are in).

Legend traces the inspiration for the Diners' Club, oldest of the big three, back to 1950. It is said to be the result of one man's embarrassment, Diners' late founder and first president, Frank McNamara, at being caught short of cash and checkbook in a Manhattan restaurant. It might have occurred to someone who was not in the credit business, as McNamara was, simply to have opened an account at the restaurant.

Mr. Engberg, a New York writer and editor, has written for *Fortune*, the *New Republic*, the *New Leader* and other national magazines.

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But after telephoning his wife to come and bail him out, McNamara set about to open a single credit card account at a number of restaurants for a circle of two hundred acquaintances, including his attorney and now Diners' board chairman, Ralph Schneider. From there it was but a logical step to enlarge the roster of restaurants, and another to include other goods and services, while at the same time adding to the list of patron members.

Competitors to this original plan appeared, but except for American Express and Hilton they either expired or were swallowed up. In a comparatively short time, as Robert Bendiner has noted, the industry ran "the cycle from competitive free-for-all to consolidation to oligopoly; and on the patrons' side from access to a few select establishments to what the trade so readily describes as 'universal use.'"

A CREDIT CARD company makes its money not only from the fees it charges subscribers, but also on its take from every credit card transaction. Dispensers of all-purpose credit cards are, in banking parlance, "factors" who work both sides of the street. On one side they "buy" from restaurateurs and shopowners the chits signed by holders of their cards at face value less five to seven per cent, depending upon the company and the member establishment's total credit card volume. The discount in theory represents the worth to the member establishment of getting on-the-cuff business without the risks, and with none of the cost of bookkeeping, billing and postage and chasing down deadbeats.

On the other side of the operation, the credit dispensers reduce their own risk to within two per cent of the total volume of transactions by making sure at least that each person who receives a card pays his telephone bill regularly, or earns a minimum of $7,500 per year and is not a known deadbeat. The patron is charged five dollars annually for a Diners' Club card and six dollars each for an American Express Card and for *Carte Blanche*. This is not to mention the gravy for leasing out mailing lists, mail order business, distribution of products under the company labels, and the ancillary benefits which accrue to American Express and Hilton arising from its credit card operations.

There is nothing puzzling, in short, about the way the credit card companies make their money. The only mystery is why anyone would pay for thirty-day credit which, for most of his purposes, he can get for nothing; and why a restaurant owner or merchant continues to pay as much as seven per cent, which many have complained equals or exceeds their normal profit margins, for a listing in a credit card directory.

For that matter, it might be asked, why credit cards at all? Cash is not all that inconvenient. It is easy to carry and good anywhere. There is no need to carry pocket-bulging card folders, no need to sign anything, no need to take the time and bank checks to pay bills weeks after they've been incurred. Moreover, loss of a credit card can be far more costly than loss of cash. The holder of a card is responsible for all charges made against it until he reports it lost or stolen to the issuing company. By the time he discovers his loss, a thief or the imaginative finder of a misplaced card may have strewn a trail of chits from New York to Rio and safety from extradition.

Convenience only helps to explain the credit card phenomenon, and then not much. Credit cards, to be sure, are useful in the keeping of expense account and tax records, and as an emergency reservoir for those occasions when one finds oneself short on cash and long on impulse. But it is doubtful that the industry could thrive as it does, or could erect confident expectations on a foundation consisting only of people who expect trouble with tax agents, employers who are both skeptical of the expense accounts that are turned in and expect to do something about it, and the temporary embarrassment of otherwise cautious spenders. As for the all-purpose cards, it is not as if everyone who applies for one has been plagued to exasperation by a clutter of special purpose cards. In fact, the success of all-purpose cards has actually caused credit cards to proliferate, by encouraging many vendors of goods and services to issue their own. The explanation for the boom lies elsewhere.

THE MOST widely quoted authority on this, as on many other present-day phenomena, is Dr. Ernest Dichter, head of the Institute for Motivational Research. Dr. Dichter attributes the success of universal credit cards to the feeling of "inexhaustible potency" it engenders in the possessor. By this he presumably means that it bespeaks substance, or more precisely perhaps, masculinity, and power in anyone uncertain of the first and bereft of the second. Waiters bow and scrape at the sight of a credit card (their tips can be added to the check); clerks become especially solicitous.

And with an all-purpose credit card this is as true in a strange and unyielding circumstance—Lima, Peru, say—as right at home. It is a ready invitation, in this interpretation, to escape the demands and routine of everyday life. Indeed, to anyone with a fanciful private life, an excursion through back issues of *National Geographic* can be tame business compared to a page-by-page study of one of the international credit card directories.

The obverse of this *obiter* Dichter may also count heavily in the success of universal credit. That is, a credit card may do nothing more than assure the holder

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that he is the same man broke as he is flush. This being a time and a place wherein the first thing a strange face wants to know is "what do you *do*?"; wherein the ability to spend is held relevant to esteem, but the object of the spending of only clinical interest; wherein, as Harry Golden notes, money is the ultimate reality, there are few more satisfying acts of defiance than to sit oneself before a sumptuous venison or whitefish dinner at Luchow's on the night before payday. (If the chef has been careless and the main course has to be sent back, the fates have been especially kind.)

However, a ritual like this is a small act, and the reckoning is swift, so it must be embellished. One might persuade oneself that The Card adds to one's survival value; "suppose you lose your job, in any event you won't starve for sixty days" or "suppose you find yourself in Syracuse or Buenos Aires with no cash. . . ."

Nibbling at the sense of well-being which comes with a universal credit card, however, is the knowledge that sooner or later the bill must be paid. Thus the credit card companies trade heavily on middle class respectability; they even reckon one of the appeals of the card lies in its being a certificate of that nebulous quality. The very poor and the very rich alike are, in general, poor credit risks. The first are so because they can't afford, or don't care, to worry about middle-class respectability; the second because they don't have to (the very rich are notoriously slow payers).

In most users, we know, the tug between the feeling of unlimited potency and the threat it implies to a good credit rating usually resolves itself somewhat on the side of potency. "It's free—for the moment" a credit card signer seems to be saying to himself as he orders the extra drink, or buys a shirt which he doesn't need, but which has caught his fancy.

With all this, it should not be cause for surprise that a growing number of middle-income families these days are living high on budgets which are close to the rim, and sometimes crash over. Or—as a final ironic development—that there is a thriving group of enterprisers who, when things get out of hand, will for a small fee take over one's financial management, including payment of Diners' Club bills.

LINES TO HIS SON ON REACHING ADOLESCENCE

by John B. Logan

I've always thought Polonius a dry
And senile fop, fool to those he didn't love
Though he had given life to them as father—
To his beautiful young boy and beautiful
Young daughter; and loathed Augustine's
Lecherous old man who noticed that his son
Naked at his bath, was growing up
And told his wife a dirty joke. But
I have given my own life to you my son
Remembering my fear, my joy and unbelief
(And my disgust) when I saw you monkey
Blue and blooded, shrouded with the light down
Of the new born, the cord of flesh
That held you to my wife cut free from her
And from my own remote body,
And I could fill you up with epithets
Like Ophelia's father, full of warnings
For I have learned what we must avoid
And what must choose and how to be of use.
My father never taught me anything
I needed for myself. It's no excuse,
For what he might have said I think
I would refuse, and besides (is it despair
I reach?) I feel we learn too late to teach.
And like Augustine's dad I have watched you bathe
Have seen as my own hair begins to fall
The fair gold beard upon your genital
That soon will flow with seed
And swell with love and sin (I almost add
Again). I cannot say to you whether
In a voice steady or unsteady, ah Christ
Please wait your father isn't ready.
You cannot wait, as he could not.
But for both our sakes I ask you, wrestle
Manfully against the ancient curse of snakes,
The bitter mystery of love, and learn to bear
The burden of the tenderness
That is hid in us. Oh you cannot
Spare yourself the sadness of Hippolytus
Whom the thought of Phaedra
Turned from his beloved horse and bow,
My son, the arrow of my quiver,
The apple of my eye, but you can save your father
The awful agony of Laocoon
Who could not stop the ruin of his son.
And as I can I will help you with my love.
Last I warn you, as Polonius,
Yet not as him, from now on I will not plead
As I have always done, for sons
Against their fathers who have wronged them.
I plead instead for us
Against the sons we hoped we would not hurt.

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THE SCREEN

BANNER WITH A STRANGE DEVICE

HEROISM AND the reverse of heroism provide the themes of several new movies, none of which comes up with final answers but all of which handle their themes thoughtfully. Walt Disney's "Third Man on the Mountain" focuses on a young man (nicely portrayed by James MacArthur) whose ambition is to be a first-rate guide like his father and whose big dream is to climb to the peak of the unconquered mountain that claimed his father's life. The young fellow is discouraged by his mother (Nora Swinburne), who wants him to continue as a dishwasher in the little Swiss town's hotel, and by his uncle (James Donald), a guide who never grew rich through his dangerous work. The boy's determination, however, is strengthened by a couple of townsfolk, particularly by the girl of his choice (Janet Munro), an elderly ex-guide (Laurence Naismith) who trains him, and by a visiting English climber (Michael Rennie) who has respect for the boy's aspirations and courage.

It would be unfair to tell what happens or how the boy learns that heroism and bravery can be attained and displayed even though the main goal is not reached. Eleanore Griffin's script is aimed at young people, but adults will find much in the picture to interest them. The Technicolor photography of the Alps, the Matterhorn and the town of Zermatt is stunning, and the cast, directed by Ken Annakin, come through well in this story based on James Ramsey Ullman's *Banner in the Sky*. The mountain-climbing scenes are tremendously exciting and suspenseful. "Third Man on the Mountain" should interest even those who take a dim view of romping in the snow and have little patience with the idea that a mountain should be climbed just because it's there. Furthermore, the film makes clear that heroism and saintliness are by no means synonymous; the brave young hero in this case is hardly a model of perfection on all counts.

THIS THEME of the vulnerability of heroes is pursued even further in "They Came to Cordura." The action starts in the Southwest in 1916 where Gary Cooper, an American major reduced to Award Officer because of cowardice in a previous battle, is on hand to watch another battle against Villa's forces. He is to look for heroes, bring them safely to Cordura and recommend them for the Congressional Medal of Honor. Having already found one hero (Michael Callan), Cooper picks up four more men who acquit themselves with heroic brilliance in the battle even though their commanding officer (Robert Keith) bungled his leadership. So Cooper and his five heroes start out for Cordura with one prisoner, a surly woman (Rita Hayworth) who will probably be tried for treason for harboring the Villistas at her ranch, the scene of the battle.

The long trip to Cordura turns out to be an endurance contest—not only for the seven Americans, whose horses are soon taken by marauding Mexicans—but also for the audience, who are made to witness a series of hardships and brutalities seldom displayed in a movie. The first hero (Callan) becomes seriously ill and has to be carried. The other four (Van Heflin, Tab Hunter, Richard Conte, Dick York) turn out to be less heroic during the wearing trek by foot than their flashy battle behavior indicated. And the woman proves to be trouble from the beginning, with her drinking, her determination to escape and her very presence. She initially hates Cooper, but finally learns to respect his fanatical desire to keep his group alive.

The script, which Ivan Moffat and Robert Rossen wrote from Glendon Swarthout's novel, is interesting, and its presentation of the intermingling of heroism, cowardice, bravery and fear is well done. But William Goetz, who gave the film its handsome production, and Rossen, who directed this good cast, would have done better if they had put themselves in the audience's place once in a while and realized that viewers can stand only so much of violence and man's baser behavior.

ONE ALSO begins to feel during the course of "Odds Against Tomorrow" that this is a little more than one can take. Its theme, although done before, has vitality and interest. But as the plans for robbing a bank and the personalities of the three robbers become more explicit, the viewer rightfully begins to wonder what all this is leading up to and why he should care about these sordid people. For all their grimness, the three roles are excellently played: Ed Begley as an ex-cop and ex-convict who thinks up the plan and is sure that the bank in a small New York town up the Hudson is a pushover; Robert Ryan as a bitter and tough criminal who thinks the world owes him a living, especially now when he resents sponging off the woman he lives with (Shelley Winters); and Harry Belafonte as a night-club entertainer who owes a great deal of money to a loan shark who is now threatening to put the screws on him and even to hurt his ex-wife and child if he doesn't come across.

Obviously this is no pretty picture. Its determined realism demands respect, and so does its censure against bigotry and racial hatred. But in trying to raise its unpleasant story to the level of art, Producer-director Robert Wise makes this picture artificially arty. Joseph Brun's photography of New York City

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and the Hudson Valley is first-rate; the acting and John Lewis' jazz music that accompanies the action are excellent. Unfortunately the only character with whom one has any sympathy is the hounded man played by Belafonte; he gives the man, in spite of his weaknesses, a sense of dignity and a feeling of being driven beyond his strength. As a consequence Ryan's skillfully portrayed hatred of him becomes all the more forceful. But this is not enough to salvage the film.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

OF NOTE

DISAGREEMENT AMONG CATHOLICS

IN A SIGNED editorial in the October issue of the *Sign* (Monastery Place, Union City, N.J., $4) editor-in-chief Father Ralph Gorman, C.P., discusses the question of disagreement among Catholics. The entire editorial follows:

Many outside the Church have a notion that Catholics think and believe alike on nearly all questions. They presume that there is a Catholic viewpoint on practically every subject. They picture the Church as an authoritative institution that imposes thought forms from above. It's a sort of assembly-line process. The Pope makes a decision, passes it on to bishops and priests, who in turn make it known to the lay people.

No question about it, there is a hard core of doctrine accepted by all Catholics as revealed truth on the authority of the Church. But the area of defined truth is limited. Even a well-informed Catholic layman would be surprised, perhaps even shocked, at the many disagreements among professional theologians in approved textbooks of theology.

It seems to us that outside the area of defined truth there is very little agreement among Catholics.

Take the matter of liberalism and conservatism. Some glory in the title of liberal; others would as soon be called heretics or traitors. If you read certain Catholic papers or listen to some Catholic orators of the ultraconservative persuasion, a liberal is practically a traitor to God and country. To them liberalism means the same as it did in the Syllabus of Errors by Pius IX, with an added connotation of softness toward Communism.

A recent example of divided opinion among Catholics was the Khrushchev visit. Many Catholics—probably most—deplored the President's invitation to the Russian Premier. Some went so far as to label the visit one of the worst incidents in our entire history. Others praised it on the grounds that it might open a new avenue of approach to end the cold war and avoid a hot war.

We haven't made a survey of the Kennedy-for-President issue, but we are sure there is a wide difference of opinion among Catholics on this matter. Some favor him for what he stands for and also would like to see him nominated and elected in order to prove once and for all that a Catholic can be elected to the highest office in the land. Others dislike him for a variety of reasons, or don't want the religious issue raised. They think it better to let sleeping dogs lie.

Some Catholics think Castro is a Communist, or at least a fellow traveler or dupe of the Communists, and that if not stopped he will make Cuba a Russian satellite. Others think he is acting in accord with Catholic social principles and is the savior of Cuba.

Catholics have been just about as divided as others on two of the most controversial figures of our generation—both Catholics—Father Charles Coughlin and the late Senator Joseph McCarthy. More Catholics are Democrats than Republicans, although our mail would indicate at times that many who are nominal Democrats are Republicans at heart.

We have our share of anti-Communists who see the danger of Communism everywhere and of those who think Communism is no danger at all; of flag-waving nationalists and those who think patriotism somewhat naïve; of those who think the U.N. man's only hope for peace and those who think it a diabolical plot to foist world government on long-suffering humanity; of those who think foreign aid an act of Christian charity and those who think it is pouring American tax money down a foreign rathole; of those who accept fully Catholic teaching on social justice and those who think religion has no place in social and economic affairs; of those who implement Christian principles in race relations and those who are more Southern than Catholic—and they don't all live in the South.

Except in a limited area of faith and morals, Catholics are as divided in their viewpoints as any other religious group. Anyone who doubts this should read the editorials in Catholic papers and magazines. Just about all the editors have in common is the Faith of our fathers.

This is as it should be. Even in matters in which the Church lays down the principles to be followed, it is natural for prudent men to disagree on their application to concrete cases.

Disagreements, however, should always be objective. The essential virtue of Christian charity is wounded when disputants indulge in personalities, impute unworthy motives, or question the integrity and intelligence of those who disagree. Even these provisos leave plenty of room for a forceful presentation of our opinions.

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COMMUNICATIONS

"EDUCATION FOR THE DIALOGUE"

Cambridge, Mass.

TO THE EDITORS: A hearty second to Sister Joan Bland's motion ("Education for the Dialogue," Oct. 2) calling the attention of Catholic colleges to preparation for the dialogue of pluralistic society!

In the area of the humanities, it seems to this Catholic college graduate that the colleges should give more attention to the study of recent developments. One can finish an A.B. under Catholic auspices with an excellent grasp of the classical world, a fine understanding of the Christian Middle Ages, and indeed a deep knowledge of modern Catholicism; but beyond that . . .? One's vocabulary of both common and proper nouns in the area of modern secular culture is mal-developed; the result is silence in conversation with one's fellow graduates of secular training, at the very moment when the dialogue should begin. The very real service which, in charity, the critical Catholic mind could give to the whole society, is lost.

WILDA M. MARRAFFINO.

St. Louis, Mo.

TO THE EDITORS: Congratulations to Sister Joan Bland for so cogently arguing the need to train our college students for the dialogue ("Education for the Dialogue," Oct. 2). The contemporary challenge is sharply two-pronged: the call to be deeply Christian and at the same time intelligently political—deeply Christian and Catholic, totally committed to Christ, possessed of and by a unique religious vision in all its glorious dimensions, grasping its relevance to complex issues, prepared to communicate it in the idiom of the day.

This postulates an articulate philosophy of life, a posture or stance which provides a mental mechanism, stable yet flexible, within which to re-think and re-group growing and maturing convictions. No less exigent is the need to be intelligently political in the best sense of the term, making a vital contribution to the life of the city, personally involved in the socio-political order governed as it is by its own laws—quite different from those of supernatural religion and to be heeded by all who would preserve and promote the freedom and viability of American society.

Perhaps we would profit by a serious examination of our observance of the freshman's remark that "when you get to college, Catholic education isn't afraid." Certainly the risks and costs of genuine Christian concern for the welfare of the state should not be minimized. But for those who hold the Church's mission to be historical as well as trans-temporal, there is an undeclinable obligation to make of society a viable arrangement by safeguarding its foundations as guiding the dynamic of its development. In the increasingly complex world now taking shape, the major emphasis should be placed on the role of intelligence looking to an understanding of problems, and this without prejudice to prudent programs of action geared to their resolution.

Catholic college students have much to contribute to both by carrying out in their own lives the double-phased mission of being simultaneously profoundly immersed in the Christian experience with its immense spiritual wealth, and alert, perceptive participants in the pluralistic dialogue of American democracy.

(Mother) PATRICIA BARRETT, R.S.C.J.,
Maryville College.

"THE ECCENTRIC DESIGN"

Wellesley, Mass.

TO THE EDITORS: In his review article, "The American Pattern" [Oct. 16], Mr. Sam Hynes writes of my book, *The Eccentric Design:* "His pursuit of his thesis leads him to choose for analysis minor writings of his writers which 'touch the argument' conveniently." I am not concerned with Mr. Hynes' criticism, but his reportage is hardly candid. In the two chapters devoted to Cooper, *The Deerslayer* (not one of Cooper's minor works) is the only novel submitted to a full scale critical analysis, with the Littlepage trilogy in second place. The two chapters on Hawthorne are devoted to his principal short stories, *The Scarlet Letter, The Blithedale Romance,* and *The House of the Seven Gables.* The chapter on Melville is devoted almost entirely to *Moby Dick.* The two chapters on James treat representative short stories, but are explicitly presented as a supplement to my treatment of the major novels in *The Complex Fate.* The chapter on Scott Fitzgerald analyzes one short story, "The Diamond as Big as the Ritz," and *The Great Gatsby.* I am a little surprised to learn that Mr. Hynes considers these the minor writings of their respective authors.

MARIUS BEWLEY.

"THE TENTS OF WICKEDNESS"

New York, N. Y.

TO THE EDITORS: I was surprised to find that Mrs. Jean Holzhauer, in your October 9 issue, has found some words in my review of Peter De Vries' *The Tents of Wickedness* that sounded to her like an objection to parenthood. I have known the Holzhauer family quite well for a long time, and I have long recognized that Mr. and Mrs. Holzhauer are delightful proofs that there is no necessary connection between parenthood and ordinariness. I can only say that I wonder why her letter was printed, and that I hope she will read my review again, more carefully.

EDWIN KENNEBECK.

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Discovering Foreign Lands

by CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP

THIS YEAR, scientific emphasis in the Children's Books field goes hand in hand with greater awareness of other lands. The latter interest is marked by more informational works presented in the fine series such as *Challenge Books, The First Book, Getting to Know, Landmarks, Let's Visit, Meet the World, My Village,* etc. There are also books with a text in two or several languages on the same page, a venture started a few years ago with such books as *See and Say, The House that Jack Built, A Friend is Amie.* We have now *Little Donkey, Minette, Voici Henri,* together with some easy books in French only. Undoubtedly other languages will follow.

This points to the educational trend towards starting the study of a foreign tongue early, and this in a pleasant, colorful way. Yet, as necessary as information and knowledge of a foreign language are to children, it is obvious that those cannot be sufficient to give the feel of a foreign country. Stories, however, can do this admirably, stories in which the American child can identify himself with another child from a different country. And, fortunately, during the last ten years a number of excellent such works have been published, first-class stories written by Americans who have traveled abroad or, better, by American citizens of recent naturalization. Along this line, the outstanding contribution this year, in my opinion, is *The Richest Boy in the World,* a tale from pre-World War I Hungary.

Translations, of course, can also help to further better understanding between countries. This means not only discovering children of other lands but reading what these children themselves like to read—a kind of sharing of present-day reading treasures. To a certain extent John and Mary know what Pierre, Gretchen, Olaf and a few other foreign children enjoy reading among the new children's books. But many countries publish few children's books and some of them none at all. And, in the case of countries like the Soviet Union and other Communist lands, even though many children's books are written and published, very few of them find their way to American children through translation. At a time when understanding between nations has become crucially important, it would seem logical to make special efforts to deepen this understanding among our children.

According to a recent conversation reported in the *Saturday Review* by Mr. Norman Cousins, there are some distinguished writers of children's books in the Soviet Union. Some of them, in fact, have achieved nation-wide fame and considerable financial success. One such, the poet Mikhailkov, who is also an author of plays as well as best-selling children's books, is quoted as he recalled his meeting with John D. Rockefeller at the time of his visit to the United States: "Mr. Rockefeller, meet a fellow millionaire from the Soviet Union."

I was impelled by this anecdote to look up Mr. Mikhailkov at the New York Public Library, where I found a dozen or so of his books available. These books—mostly picture stories—seemed to me quite fascinating. Some of them celebrated such things as the joy of the new asphalt road, the pride to be taken in a mother's job, the wonders of the telephone. But there were also stories of the tenderness of friendship, the cunning of animals, the coziness of family life. There were funny stories and bedtime ones. There was an animal play, about a rabbit saved from doom by his family, which could have come out of a Victorian book on bad behavior. This last is also published in English, in Moscow, under the title *Rabbit Nose-in-the-Air.*

THE DIFFICULTIES involved in finding and translating suitable Soviet books for children are manifold, of course. And quite apart from any ideological considerations, there are the technical barriers, including the question of royalties and copyrights. The Soviet Union is, unfortunately, no more a member of the Berne Convention, or International Copyright Union, than Czarist Russia was.

But the difficulties, I believe, are worth overcoming. Surely the case of Mr. Mikhailkov is not unique; surely there must be many worthwhile Soviet books which would give our children sorely needed knowledge of their counterparts in the U.S.S.R.

Seven years ago Prishvin's *The Treasure Trove* was translated and published here, and it remains, to my mind, the only outstanding translated Russian children's story in the American market. The girl and boy of *The Treasure Trove* are Soviet children, but their behavior, their fears and hopes are common to all chil-

Mrs. Bishop is well-known as an author of children's books. Among them are the following: *All Alone, Augustus, The Big Loop, Blue Spring Farm, The Man Who Lost His Head, Pancakes-Paris, Twenty and Ten, Bernard and His Dogs, Christopher and the Giant, The Ferryman, Five Chinese Brothers, Happy Christmas, Martin de Porres—Hero,* and most recently, *Toto's Triumph.*

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dren the world over. It is hard to believe that there are no other such stories worth translating, books which will open up the eyes and ears and minds of our young people.

John and Mary need to know more about all the peoples of the world. Particularly, it seems to me, they cannot afford to be ignorant of what Nina and Sergei are like.

A Selected List of Children's Books

by Claire Huchet Bishop

CHRISTMAS AND RELIGION

On Christmas Day in the Morning. Carols gathered by John Langstaff. Ill. by A. Groves-Raines. Piano setting by Marshall Woodbridge. Harcourt. $3.25.

A book of distinction, gaiety and lasting value. All ages.

Nine Days to Christmas. By Marie Hall Ets and Aurora Labastida. Viking. $3.25.

Joy, anguish and peace in a little Mexican girl's sensitive heart, beautifully told and gaily illustrated. Girls. 5-9.

The Christmas Mouse. By Elizabeth Wenning. Ill. by Barbara Remington. Holt. $2.95.

How "Silent Night" came to be written because of a mouse. Delightfully told and happily illustrated. Boys and girls. 5-10.

And It Was So. Ill. by Tasha Tudor. Westminster. $2.50.

Under each soft-color picture a one line quotation from the Bible. Protestant Revised Standard Version and no cross on the Church steeple, yet a lovely book. 4-8.

A Catholic Child's Missal and Prayer Book. Catechetical Guild. Golden Press. $.95.

Small format, eighty pages. Brilliant colored pictures, large print, simple text following closely the meaning of the adult missal. Should appeal widely to children. However, why a paperback, and why black? 6-12.

Stories from the New Testament. By Piet Worm. Sheed & Ward. $3.

A companion to the other two volumes on the Old Testament. On a festive golden background, characters brimming with life and individuality. A lovely keepsake. 6-12.

All on the Team. By Frances Fox Sandmel. Ill. by Sylvia Roman. Abingdon. $2.50.

A Jewish boy in a Protestant community. Much about Jewish religious customs and excellent for mutual understanding. 8-12.

They Rode the Frontier. By Wyatt Blassingame. Watts. $2.95.

Preachers of all faiths—Père Marquette, Junipero Serra, Peter Cartwright, Samuel Mill, Isaac Mayer Wise, William Taylor, Henry Whipple. 10-14.

From "Christmas Mouse" (Holt)

Saints for Boys and Girls. By Catherine Beebe. Ill. by Robb Beebe. Bruce. $3.50.

24 traditional stories well retold. 8-12.

Sandals on the Highway: A Life of Junipero Serra. By Teri Martini. Ill. by Nino Carbe. St. Anthony Guild. $2.50. 10-14.

POETRY

The Reason for the Pelican. By John Ciardi. Ill. by Madeleine Gekière. Lippincott. $3.

A distinguished poet writes gay, whimsical nonsense rhymes of high literary quality, and an artist displays extraordinary talent. All ages.

The Little Naturalist. By Frances Frost. Ill. by Kurt Werth. Whittlesey. $2.50.

Small, intimate poems about animals and readily discoverable wonders of our earth. 6-10.

The Golden Treasury of Poetry. Selected and with a commentary by Louis Untermeyer. Ill. by Joan Walsh Anglund. Golden Press. $4.95.

Each of the four hundred selected poems is introduced in such a way that it may awaken a love of poetry in many a sleeping young heart. 8-14.

Jungle Journey. By Mary Britton Miller. Ill. by Tobias Schneebaum. Pantheon. $2.95.

In simple and musical lines an outstanding poet writes about a child who went alone into the jungle. Arresting pictures. 8-12.

Peter Piper's Alphabet. Ill. by Marcia Brown. Scribner. $2.95.

The tongue-twisting famous rhymes of 1830 humorously and dashingly illustrated. 6-12.

A Way of Knowing. A collection of poems for boys. Compiled by Gerald D. McDonald. Ill. by Clare and John Ross. Crowell. $3.50.

Nibble, Nibble. Poems for children. By Margaret Wise Brown. Ill. by Leonard Weisgard. Young Scott. $3.75. 5-8.

ALASKA AND THE POLES

Alaska, the Forty-Ninth State. By Willis Lindquist. Ill. by P.A. Hutchison. Whittlesey. $3.

Covers past, present and future of Alaska. Informative, vividly written, dramatically illustrated and very well printed. All ages.

Reindeer Trail. Written and ill. by Bertha and Elmer Hader. Macmillan. $3.25.

Thrilling tale with authentic background of the way Lappish people drove their herd around half the earth in order to save Alaska Eskimos from starvation. Most inspiring. 8-14.

Alaska. By Bernardine Bailey. Ill. by

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Kurt Weise. Whitman. $1.25. Factual and short. 8 up.

Here Is Alaska. By Evelyn Stefansson. With photos. Rev. Statehood Ed. Scribner. $3.50.

PICTURE STORY BOOKS

The Blue Day. By René Guillot. Tr. from the French by G. Marsh. Ill. by Margery Gill. Abelard. $2.50.

The day the forsaken doll finds a child. The well-known author of teen-age books writes his first story for younger children. It has a distinctive, haunting quality. Girls. 6-10.

The Island Shepherd. By Yolla Nicolas. Viking. $3.

An old fisherman, a boy and a sheep all woven into a realistic tale with magnificent photos of an island off the coast of Maine. A book to cherish. All ages.

The Birthday Present. By Bruno Munari. World. $2.

A most welcome addition to Mr. Munari's unusual creations. As the previous toy books were a lasting enchantment to children and artists, so will this one and its companions, *Jimmy Has Lost His Cap,* and *The Elephant's Wish.* 4-10.

Little Blue and Little Yellow. By Leo Lionni. McDowell, Obolensky. $2.95.

Nothing else but two color spots. The artist succeeds in giving them intense life and interest. 4-8.

3 Little Horses at the King's Palace. By Piet Worm. Random. $2.95.

A festive, narrow book which can stand up—about three lovable imaginary horses who wear shoes and crowns and go to school and to the fair. Text and pictures disclose a refreshing spontaneity and a rare purity of heart. 4-8.

Nicholas and the Fast-Moving Diesel. By Edward Ardizzone. Walck. $2.75.

How a boy's dream of being an engine driver came true. Mr. Ardizzone has done it again—a genuine, boyish and warm tale. Boys. 5-9.

Madeline and the Gypsies. By Ludwig Bemelmans. Viking. $3.50.

World-famous Madeline joins a Gypsies' Circus. Sheer delight, Bemelmans outdoing himself.

Trovato. By Bettina. Ariel. $3.50.

In Italy, following an earthquake, an English tourist lady adopts a magpie and a little boy. The strong personalities of all three lead to thrilling adventures. Amusingly portrayed in text and pictures. 6-10.

The Five Rollatinis. By Jan B. Balet. Lippincott. $3.50.

The circus horse could carry but five bareback riders. What could the youngest of the Rollatini family do? Bouncingly gay, warm and circusy. 5-9.

Katy Comes Next. By Laura Bannon. Whitman. $2.75.

Her father and mother were the "doctors" at the Dolls' Hospital, so

From "Reindeer Trail" (Macmillan)

how could they find time for Ruth's own doll, Kathy? A realistic story handled with sensitivity and understanding. Girls 5-9.

The Big Fish. By Barbara Greenough Johnson. Ill. by Mary Greenough Means. Little, Brown. $2.75.

A small boy and his father go fishing in the great open country of the Province of Quebec. The fine scenes are reflected in pictures and the warm devotional family life in the text. Boys. 5-9.

Kittens, Cubs and Babies. By Miriam Schlein. Pictures by Jean Charlot. Young Scott. $3.

Simple text and exuberant, colorful "murals" by a great artist. Fascinating and lasting appeal. 6-10.

Minette. By Janice. Pictures by Alain. Whittlesey. $2.25.

How a French cat came to have the run of the King's Apartment in present-day Versailles Palace. Delightful. 5-10.

Otto in Texas. By William Pène Du Bois. Viking. $2.50. 5-10.

Four-Leaf Clover. By Will and Nicolas. Harcourt. $3. Boys. 6-11.

FAIRY AND FOLK TALES

The Golden Touch. Ill. by Paul Galdone. Foreword by Anne Thaxter Eaton. Whittlesey. $2.50.

The ageless Greek tale of King Midas as Hawthorne retold it, with a pertinent foreword and most effective red and gold pictures. 6-12.

Bhombal Dass, the Uncle of Lion: A Tale from Pakistan. By Ashraf Siddiqui. Drawn by Tom Hamil. Macmillan. $2.75.

Folk tale of how the goat fooled the tiger, very well retold and amusingly illustrated. Picture-size book. 6-12.

The Blind Men and the Elephant. Retold by Lilian Quiglex. Ill. by Janice Holland. Scribner. $2.95.

A wise Indian tale well retold and illustrated with soft decorative colored pictures. 6-12.

Again Christophilos. More folk tales from Athos the Holy Mountain and Old World Greece. By Joice M. Nankivell. Ill. by Panos Ghikas. Houghton. $2.25. 8 up.

The Tiger's Whiskers and other tales from Asia and the Pacific. By Harold Courtlander. Ill. by Enrico Arno. Harcourt. $3.25. From 8 up.

The Sunken City and Other Tales From Round the World. By James McNeil. Ill. by Theo Dimson. Walck. $3. 8 up.

EASY TO READ

Adam and the Golden Cock. By Alice Dagliesh. Ill. by Leonard Weisgard. Scribner. $2.50.

Young Adam was there when Rochambeau's soldiers arrived in Connecticut. Delightfully told, charmingly illustrated and excellent for supplementary reading. 8-12.

The Big Rig. By Bill and Rosalie Brown. Ill. by Peter Burchard. Coward. $2.50.

A truck driver going West is un-

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JUNIOR BOOKS

Freshman at Large

By PEARL BUCKLEN BENTEL. Jacket by Johannes Troyer. Full of questions about everything, Beth found that college did not provide answers—only the freedom and means to find them for herself. Walking the campus, meeting classmates and faculty, making her own wise rules for scholarship — and romance — Beth achieved maturity. Ages 12-16. $2.95

Voice of The Lute

By SKULDA VANADIS BANÉR

Decorations by Vera Bock. The hauntingly beautiful love story of Embla Fager, who was brought back to the Sweden of her people unwittingly to avenge the wicked beauty who now lay half awake in the great, shadowy house. Fortunately, the voice of the lute, the voice of love, was stronger than all else. Young Adults and their elders. $3.50

The Magic Ring

By NETA LOHNES FRAZIER. Illustrated by Kathleen Voute. Ten-year-old Rebecca Osborn had a magic ring loaned her by a fairy and New Year's Eve of 1900 seemed the beginning of wonders. How her three wishes came true, with Rebecca ending up in the role of bridesmaid, makes a delightful story for children. Ages 8-12. $2.95

Serilda's Star

By OLIVE RAMBO COOK. Illustrated by Helen Torrey. A lively, adventurous story about a girl's experiences with her beloved horse, set in the author's native northern Missouri. Ages 8-12. $2.95

Tumbleweed Heart

By JANET RANDALL. Jacket by Tom O'Sullivan. A young girl learns, through experience on a newspaper in a small California desert town, what it takes to become a good reporter. Ages 12-16. $2.95

Stormy Winter

By GERTRUDE E. FINNEY. Jacket by Don Lambo. A stirring story of two young people during the tense Puget Sound boundary dispute between the U. S. and Canada. Young Adults. $3.50

Younger Brother

By GWEN PHARIS RINGWOOD. Decorations by Harper Johnson. Responsible for a ranch in the rugged Alberta country, young Brandt does all that a man could do. Ages 12-16. $3.50

The Crystal Horse

By CATHERINE FOWLER MAGEE. Decorations by Yukio Tashiro. The poignant story of a young Japanese-American girl who was forced to return to Japan after Pearl Harbor Ages 12-16. $2.95

Mystery in the Jeep

By ERNIE RYDBERG. Jacket by Stephen J. Voorhies. An unusual story in which a group of young people encounter a scary mystery and help the police uncover the criminals. Written by an author with rare understanding of teen-agers. Ages 12-16. $2.95

Blithe Genius

The Story of Rossini

By GLADYS MALVERN. Decorations by Donald Bolognese. A romanticized biography of one of the most irrepressible geniuses the world of music has ever known — Gioacchino Rossini. Ages 12-16. $2.95

Sea Venture

By WILLOUGHBY PATTON. Illustrated by William Hutchinson. A thrilling story of the wreck of Sir George Somers' flagship *Sea Venture* off Bermuda and how he brought the early colonists to Jamestown. Young Michael persuades his uncle to allow him to work on the ship to carry them to Virginia. Ages 10-14. $2.95

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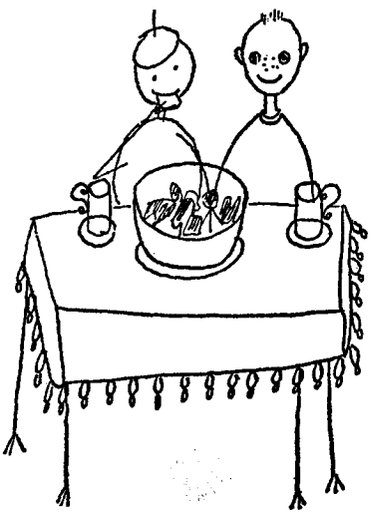

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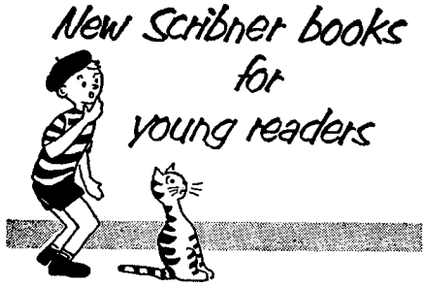

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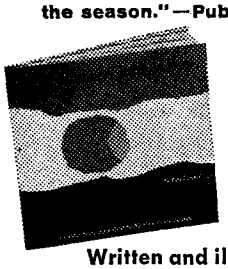

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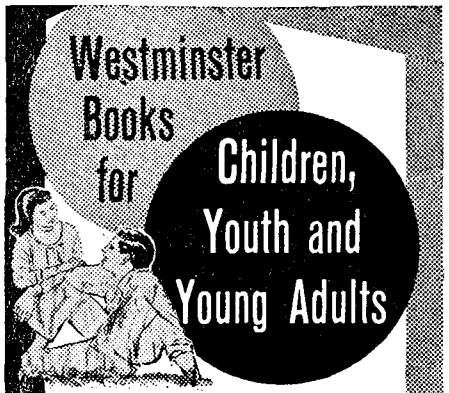

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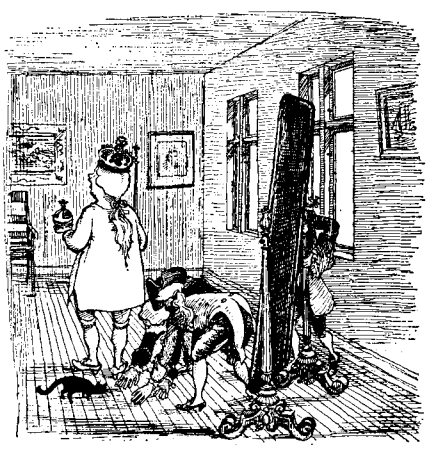

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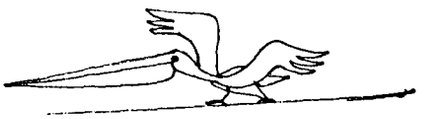

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